

# Promises

## Sundays Away

Promises given  
And promises broken  
Words stain my lips  
Just like blood on my hands  
And words are like poison  
That sinks down inside you  
And some things you do  
You just don't understand  
Well I offer no reason  
And I ask for no pity  
I make no excuse  
For the way that I am  
And words are like poison  
That sinks down inside you  
And some things you do  
You just don't understand  
I God is my witness  
Then God is my savior  
But if you are my judge  
Then I'm already damned  
And words are like poison  
That sinks down inside you  
And some things you do  
You just don't understand  
And would if my fingers  
To cut off and give you  
Could gain my redemption  
I'd cut off my hands  
But words are like poison  
That bends you and blinds you  
And some things you do  
You just don't understand  
So this is my story  
And I hope that it finds you  
For your sweet attention  
I cannot demand  
And words are like poison  
That lives down inside you  
And some things you do

You just don't understand

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